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No 69 - DEC.

ADVENTURES INTO THE

# UNKNOWN

10¢

Can A MAN INVADE  
THE PAST...FOR THE  
SOLUTION OF AN ANCIENT  
MYSTERY? LEARN THE  
AMAZING ANSWER FOR  
YOURSELF... IN  
"The CURIOUS CARSTAIRS  
CASE!"

ODDEN  
WHITNEY

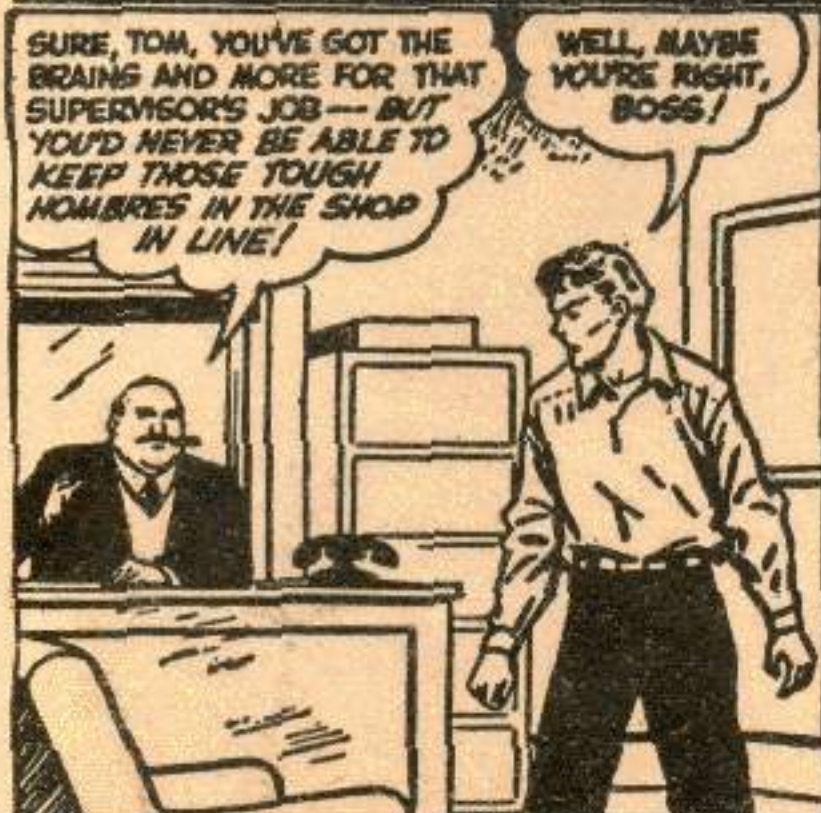




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OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH  
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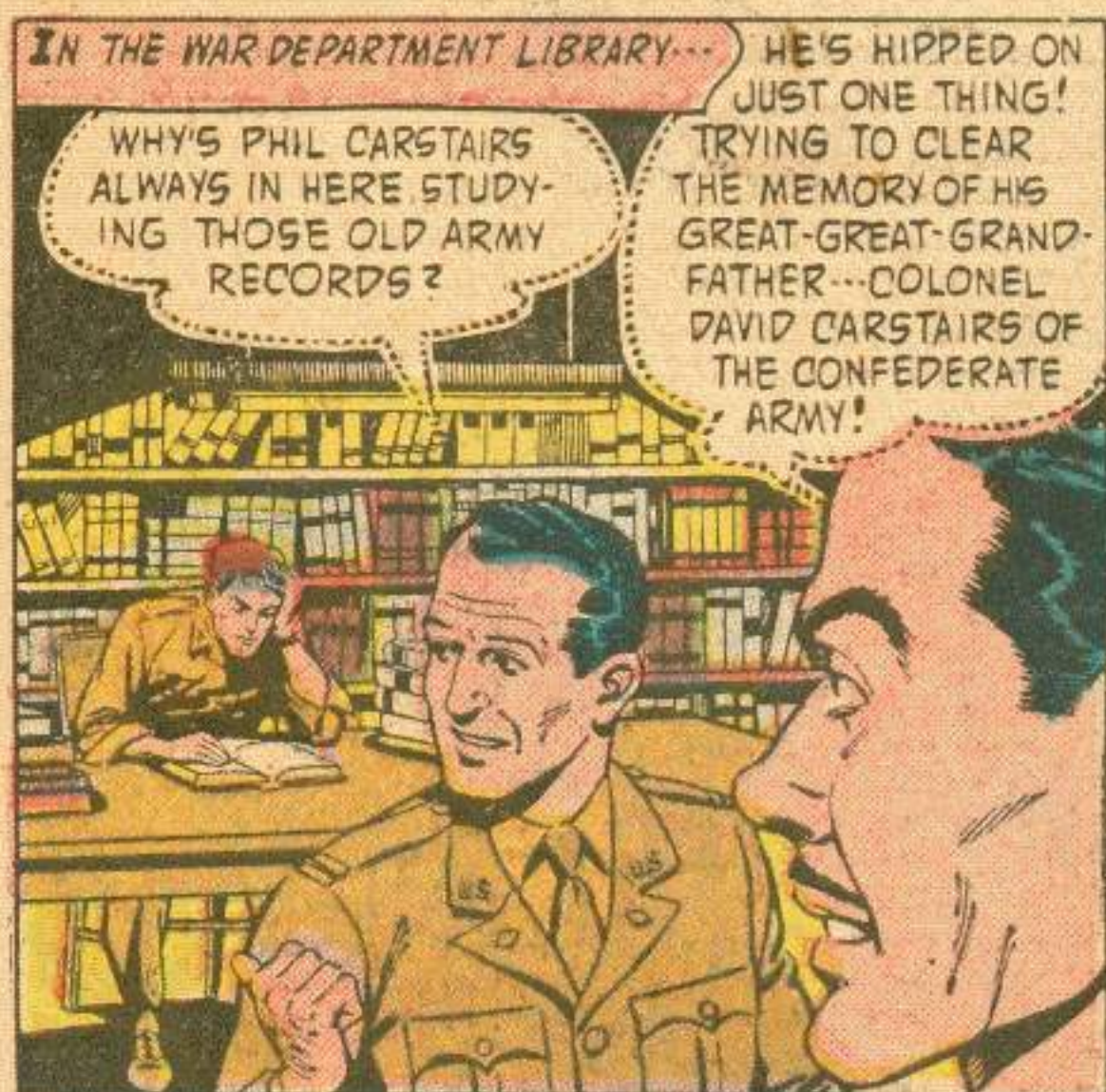
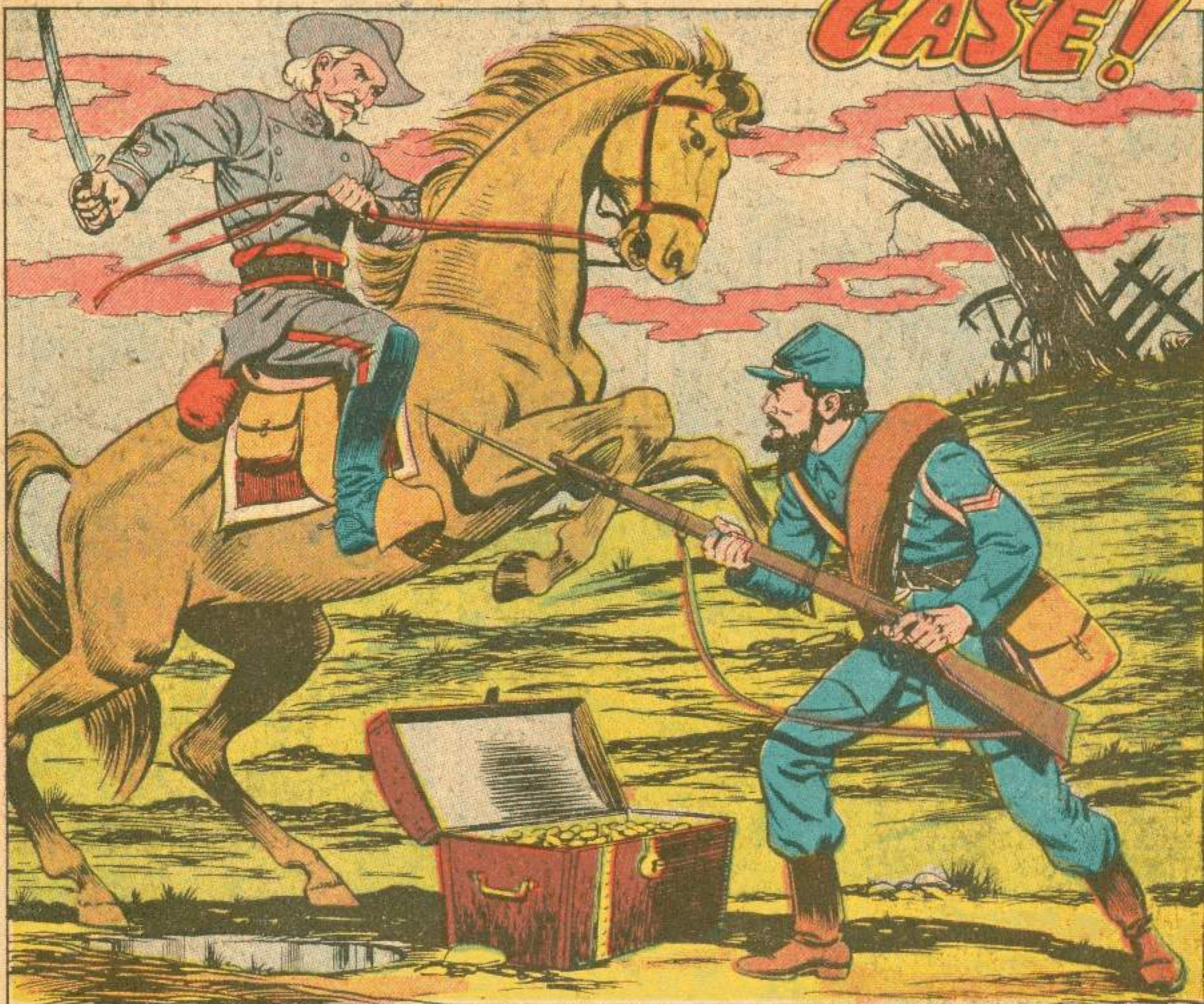
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IT WAS AN OLD MYSTERY, DATING BACK TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES... AND IT LEFT A STAIN ON THE REPUTATION OF A FINE FAMILY! THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY WAY OF SOLVING THIS CENTURY-OLD RIDDLE... UNTIL A MODERN-DAY WARRIOR DREAMED A STRANGE DREAM OF...

# The Curious CARSTAIRS CASE!



ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly and copyright, 1955, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparta, Illinois. Editorial offices: 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N.Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Sparta, Illinois. No. 69, December, 1955. Printed in U.S.A.





ALL HIS LIFE, CAPTAIN PHIL CARSTAIRS HAD FELT THE OLD SHAME—EVEN AS A CHILD—

BUT DADDY, IF OUR FAMILY COMES FROM THE SOUTH, WHY DON'T WE EVER GO THERE?

THERE HASN'T BEEN A CARSTAIRS SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE SINCE 1863—AND I'M AFRAID THERE NEVER WILL BE, WORSE LUCK!



OH, HE LEARNED THE STORY, ALL RIGHT—IT HAD TO COME OUT! AND AT THE ARMY WAR COLLEGE, IT WAS DRIVEN HOME WITH RELENTLESS BITTERNESS—

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY WAS SINGULARLY FREE OF ALL TAIN OF DISHONESTY! THE ONE TRUE SCANDAL CONCERNED A TRUSTED OFFICER WHO ROBBED HIS MEN AND DISAPPEARED—BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE, HE HAD THE SAME FAMILY NAME AS **YOU**, CARSTAIRS!

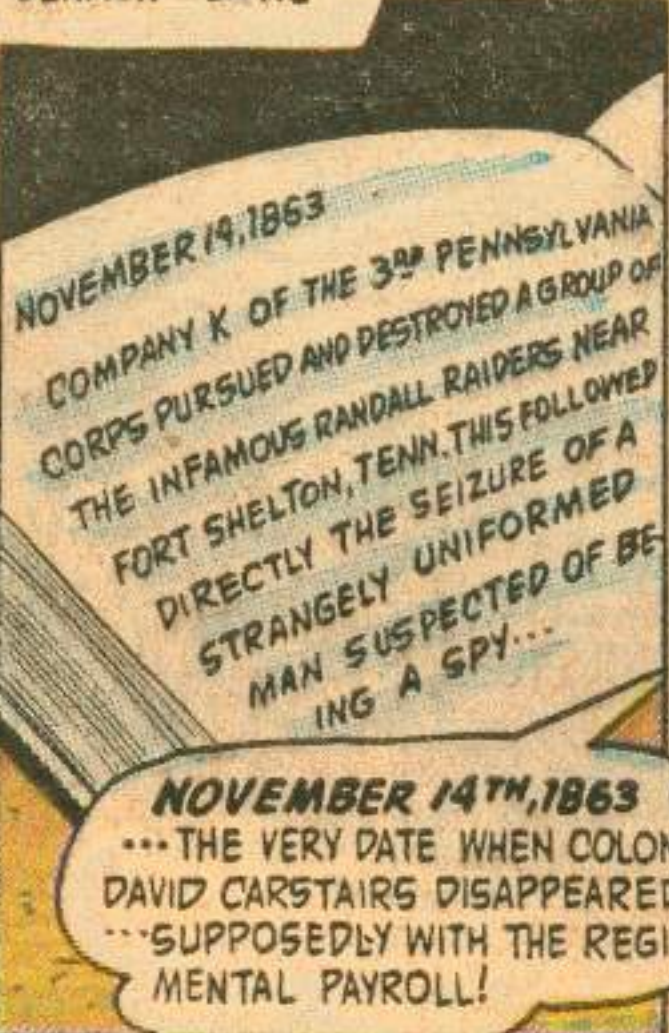
QUITE A—STRANGE COINCIDENCE, SIR!

BUT HE COULDN'T HIDE HIS RELATIONSHIP—SOON EVERYONE KNEW! DESPERATELY, HE SOUGHT TO VINDICATE HIS ANCESTOR'S MEMORY, SEARCHING FOR SOME CLUE TO THE REAL STORY IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—



THERE'S NOTHING THERE—**NOTHING!** BUT WAIT—THE UNION ARMY WAS MANEUVERING IN TENNESSEE AT THAT TIME! MAYBE **THEIR** RECORDS WILL SHOW SOMETHING!

IT WAS A FORLORN HOPE, A WEARY SEARCH—UNTIL—



NOVEMBER 19, 1863

COMPANY K OF THE 3<sup>RD</sup> PENNSYLVANIA CORPS PURSUED AND DESTROYED A GROUP OF THE INFAMOUS RANDALL RAIDERS NEAR FORT SHELTON, TENN. THIS FOLLOWED DIRECTLY THE SEIZURE OF A STRANGELY UNIFORMED MAN SUSPECTED OF BEING A SPY—

NOVEMBER 14<sup>TH</sup>, 1863

—THE VERY DATE WHEN COLONEL DAVID CARSTAIRS DISAPPEARED—SUPPOSEDLY WITH THE REGIMENTAL PAYROLL!



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT STRANGELY-UNIFORMED MAN, OR THE CONNECTION HE MIGHT HAVE HAD! BUT THESE **RANDALL RAIDERS** WERE IN THE VICINITY—**THEY** MIGHT HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

HE REMEMBERED HIS FORMER INSTRUCTOR WHO WAS SUCH AN EXPERT ON CIVIL WAR HISTORY—



THE RAIDERS WERE **BANDITS**—DESSERTERS UNDER DEATH SENTENCE BY THE CONFEDERATE ARMY IF CAUGHT! THEIR LEADER WAS CAPTAIN CARL RANDALL, A FORT SHELTON DESERTER ONCE SECOND IN COMMAND TO COLONEL DAVID CARSTAIRS! AS I REMARKED ONCE BEFORE—INTERESTING COINCIDENCE IN NAMES, ISN'T IT, CAPTAIN **CARSTAIRS**?

The FOLLOWING WEEK—



WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE NOW—BELIEVING THAT **RANDALL'S RAIDERS** HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT LOST MONEY! LOOK, SON, WHY NOT LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE?

IT SEEMS AS IF YOU BELIEVE COLONEL CARSTAIRS WAS **GUILTY!** WELL, I **DON'T**—AND I'M GOING TO **CLEAR THE TAINT FROM OUR FAMILY NAME!**



AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT?

I TOOK THE FIRST STEP SEVERAL DAYS AGO! I'VE APPLIED FOR A TRANSFER TO FORT SHELTON... **AND IT'S BEEN GRANTED!**

ON A SOUTHBOUND PLANE...

I MAY BE ABLE TO FIND SOME CLUE IF I'M ACTUALLY **ON THE SCENE**... EVEN AFTER ALMOST A CENTURY! I... I HOPE THEY DON'T FIND OUT WHO I AM...

WE MIGHT AS WELL RELAX... HE WON'T EVEN PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US!

BUT ANY HOPES HE HAD ABOUT KEEPING HIS IDENTITY SECRET...

IT CERTAINLY IS NICE MEETING ALL YOU GUYS!

**CARSTAIRS, EH? ANY RELATION TO COLONEL DAVID CARSTAIRS? HA-HA!**

HE WAS A GENT WITH **TAKING WAYS!** IF YOU'RE ANY RELATIVE, WE'LL KEEP OUR POCKETS BUTTONED!

...VANISHED IN A STORM OF RAGE!

**SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!** YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW... THAT'S MY **GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER** YOU'RE SLANDERING... AND IT **IS** SLANDER! YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT HE... HE...

OKAY, OKAY! TAKE IT EASY, HUH?

WE WERE... JUST JOKING! WE DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS AN ANCESTOR OF YOURS!

THIS IS A PHOTOSTATIC COPY! IT SAYS THAT ON THE DAY WHEN THE MONEY DISAPPEARED, UNION SOLDIERS CAPTURED A STRANGELY-UNIFORMED SPY NEAR HERE... AND WIPED OUT A BAND OF RANDALL'S RAIDERS! MAYBE THAT SPY WAS GUILTY... OR THE RAIDERS...

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, CARSTAIRS! WHAT YOU SAY ISN'T **PROOF!**

ER... I'M SORRY I POPPED OFF, COLONEL...

HOW COULD **RANDALL'S RAIDERS** EVER HAVE GOTTEN IN HERE TO STEAL THAT MONEY... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO COLONEL CARSTAIRS HIMSELF? BUT NOBODY'S HOLDING ALL THAT ANCIENT HISTORY AGAINST **YOU**... SO LET'S HEAR NO MORE ABOUT IT!

YOU SAY YOU WANT THE **SAME ROOM** YOUR ANCESTOR SLEPT IN? GOSH... IT'S BEEN KEPT LOCKED EVER SINCE HE DISAPPEARED... BECAUSE OF THE DISGRACE...

**WHAT DISGRACE?** I'M TELLING YOU HE WAS AN HONEST MAN AND I'LL PROVE IT! I'M **PROUD** TO HAVE HIS ROOM!









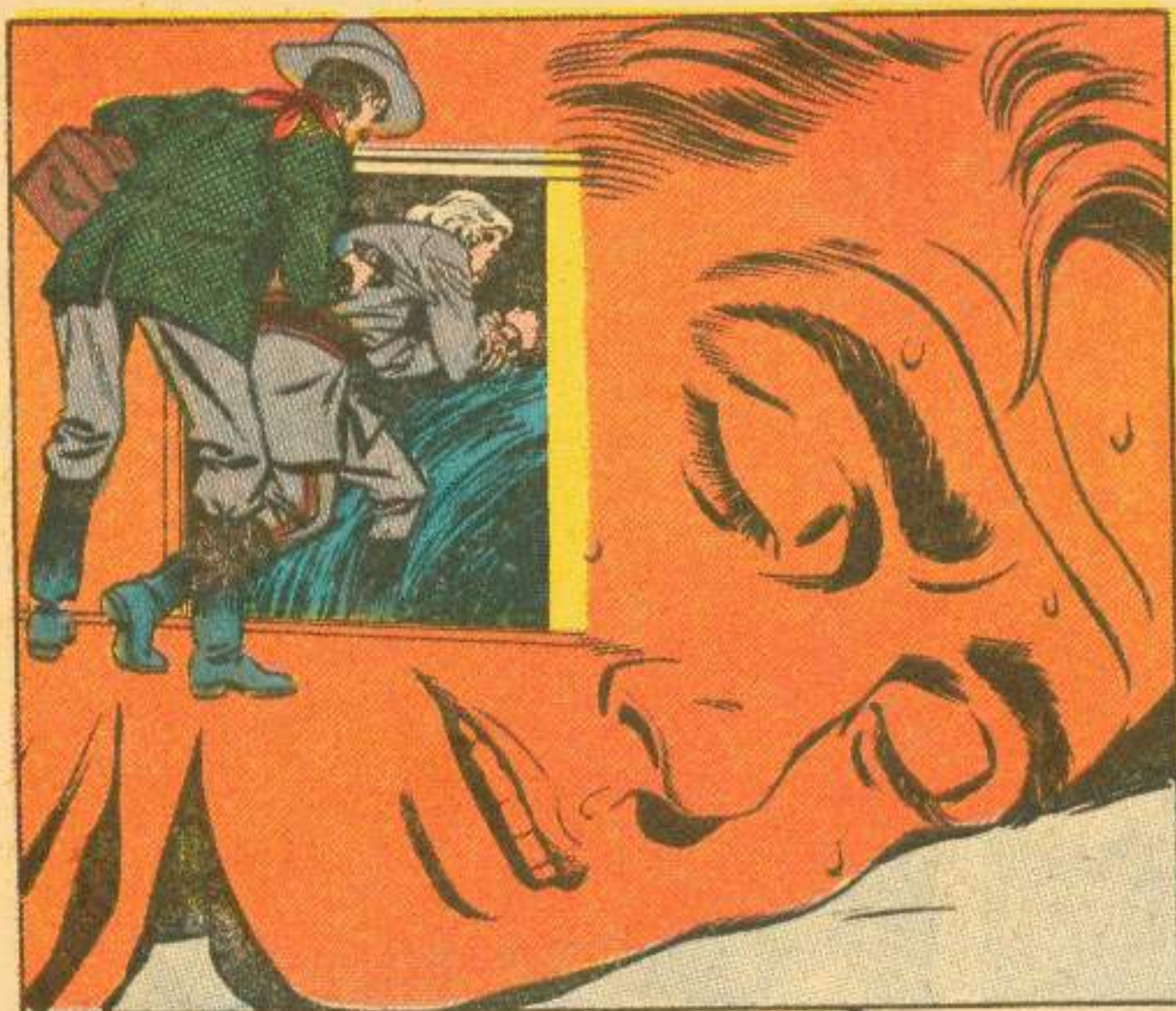
DID YOU GAIN BY DESERTING YOUR POST HERE TO LEAD A GROUP OF OUTLAWS...A MAN WITH A PRICE ON YOUR HEAD?

IF I HADN'T BEEN YOUR SECOND IN COMMAND, I'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN OF THIS SECRET TUNNEL LEADING INTO THE FORT... NOR WOULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT THIS WAS THE REGULAR DAY FOR THE FORT PAY-ROLL!



NO! YOU...YOU CAN'T TAKE THE MEN'S PAY...

OH, CAN'T I! AND THAT ISN'T ALL I'M GOING TO TAKE, EITHER! PUT ON THESE HANDCUFFS! YOU'RE MY PRISONER, COLONEL CARSTAIRS...THE CONFEDERACY WILL TRADE ME A FULL PARDON FOR YOUR RELEASE!



**S**UDDENLY...THE DREAM CHANGED! AND CAPTAIN PHILIP CARSTAIRS, IN FULL UNIFORM, FOUND HIMSELF FOLLOWING THEM! HE EMERGED FROM THE TUNNEL TO SEE...



THERE THEY GO! AND UNLESS I CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HIM, THERE ISN'T A CHANCE OF PROVING HIS INNOCENCE!



HE RAN WILDLY IN PURSUIT...LOSING GROUND WITH EACH MOMENT...

THEY...HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION...BUT I'VE...LOST THEM...



**S**UDDENLY...

**H**ALT!

**U**LP!





HERE'S A STRAGGLER FROM THE FORT, MAJOR, JUST AS YOU WANTED! MAYBE HE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL US JUST HOW STRONGLY IT'S DEFENDED!

STRANGE... I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE UNIFORM! WE'D BEST QUESTION HIM... HE MAY BE A **SPY**!



PHIL DIDN'T DARE TELL THE TRUTH, FOR FEAR OF BETRAYING HIS ANCESTOR INTO CAPTURE! BUT HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS EYES FROM WANDERING IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE RAIDERS HAD VANISHED...

IF YOU'RE A CONFEDERATE REGULAR, YOU CAN TELL US THE SIZE OF THE FORT'S GARRISON! OR ELSE, IF YOU'RE A **SPY**...

WHY DOES HE KEEP STARING OFF IN THAT DIRECTION, TOWARDS THE RIDGE? WAIT... MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO SIGHT WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR!



IT'S RANDALL'S RAIDERS... THOSE OUTLAWS WHO'VE BEEN STEALING OUR SUPPLIES!



THOSE BRIGANDS HAVE COST US PLENTY... IN LIVES AND MATERIALS BOTH! WE'VE GOT THE BEST MOUNTS IN THE COUNTRY... LET'S GET 'EM!

They TOOK PHIL ALONG FOR SAFEKEEPING! IT WAS A MAD RIDE...



**YA-HOOOOOOO!**



AND UP AHEAD...

UNIONS... AND OUR HORSES ARE SPENT! **RIDE, MEN**... YOU KNOW WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE IF WE'RE CAPTURED!



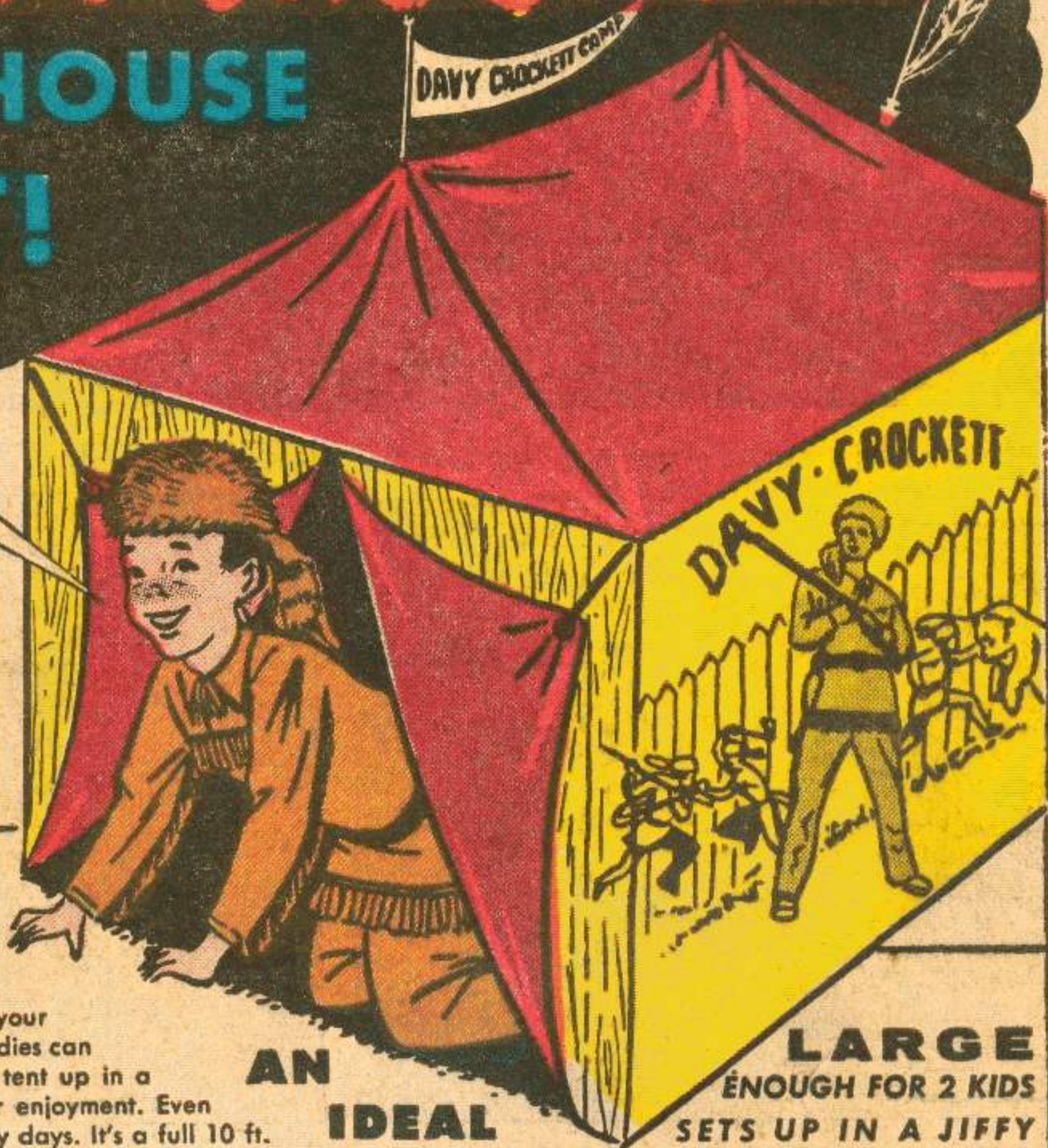
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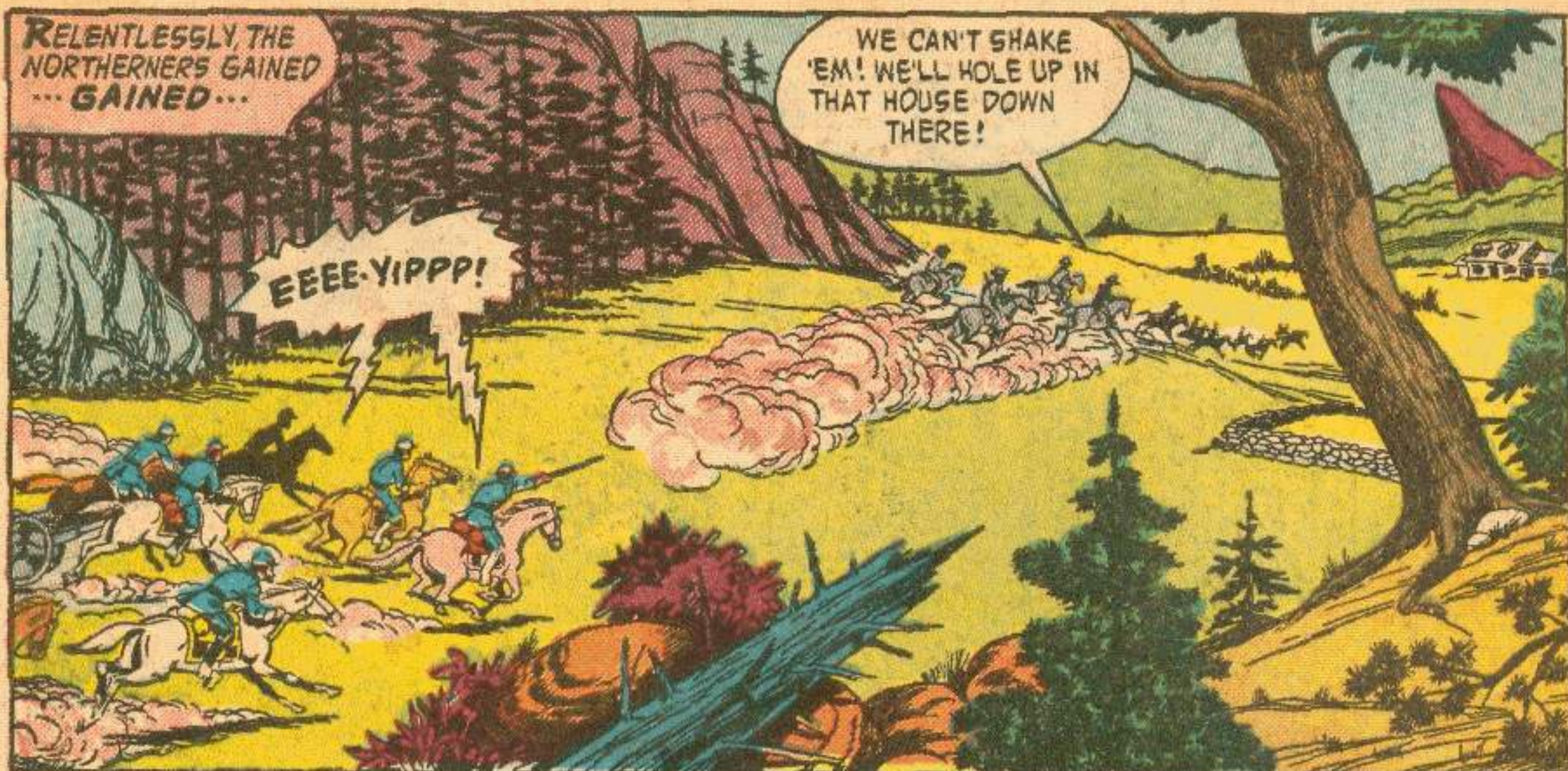
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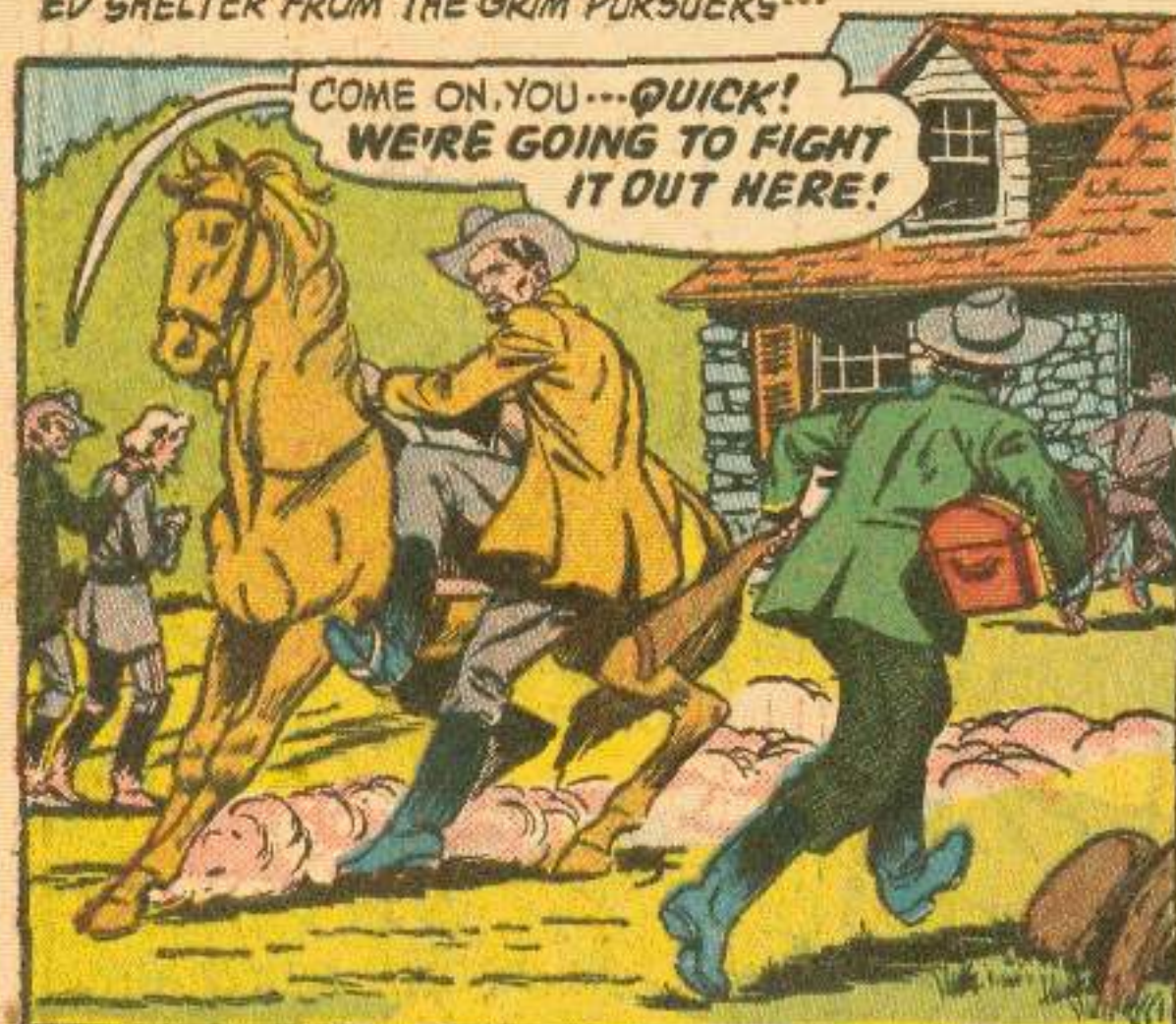
CITY.....

STATE.....





IT WAS A DESOLATE, WAR-BLASTED HOUSE... BUT IT OFFERED SHELTER FROM THE GRIM PURSUERS...



SMALL ARMS HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST ARTILLERY! THE FACT DAWNED ON PHIL WITH STUNNING FORCE... FOR HE KNEW COLONEL CARSTAIRS WAS IN THAT HOUSE!







THEN IT WAS AS IF HE WERE DROPPING THROUGH A BLACK, ROARING VOID...



PLEASE, PLEASE... DON'T SHOOT!

THE NEXT THING HE KNEW...

WAKE UP, I SAY!... OH, YOU'RE UP AT LAST! SON, YOU'VE BEEN SHOUTING IN YOUR SLEEP... HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

OH, YEAH? DO I GO ON NIGHTMARES IN MY UNIFORM?



WHAT UNIFORM?



SEE? GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF... IT WAS ALL A DREAM!

BUT... BUT IT WAS SO VIVID! WHY, CARL RANDALL OF THE RANDALL RAIDERS CAME RIGHT INTO THIS VERY ROOM...



...THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE THAT OPENED RIGHT HERE... HOLY SMOKE, IT'S TRUE! THE DURNED THING'S OPENING UP!

WHAT SORT OF AN ACT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, CARSTAIRS? HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT PASSAGE WAS THERE?

HE PICKED THAT DAY BECAUSE HE KNEW COLONEL CARSTAIRS WOULD BE MAKING UP THE REGIMENTAL PAYROLL! HE LEFT WITH BOTH THE PAYROLL AND THE COLONEL... WHOM HE TOOK AS A HOSTAGE TO INSURE AN EVENTUAL PARDON!

NONSENSE! WE'LL FOLLOW THE PASSAGE AFTER BREAKFAST... AND PROBABLY FIND THAT IT LEADS TO THE BASEMENT AND THAT'S ALL!

CALL IT A PART OF THE SAME DREAM THESE OTHER MEN CLAIM I WAS HAVING! COME MORNING, YOU'LL FIND THAT THIS TUNNEL LEADS RIGHT OUT OF THE FORT! I'M CLAIMING THAT CARL RANDALL KNEW ABOUT IT BECAUSE HE'D BEEN SECOND IN COMMAND BEFORE HE DESERTED... AND USED IT TO ENTER THE FORT ON NOVEMBER 14TH, 1863!





WITH MORNING...

NOTICE HOW THE TUNNEL KEEPS ON GOING, COLONEL? **STILL** THINK IT'LL STOP AT THE BASEMENT?

NEVER MIND THE GAB! WE'LL FIND OUT!



ALL WE **DO** KNOW IS THAT A UNION DETACHMENT DESTROYED A GROUP OF RAIDERS! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE... WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER COLONEL CARSTAIRS WAS WITH THEM, AND IF SO, WHETHER HE WAS A PRISONER OR AN ALLY... THERE'S NO TRACE OF THE MONEY...

HOLD ON A SECOND, COLONEL...



TO PHIL CAME THE MEMORY OF A STRANGE ROCKY PINNACLE BEYOND THE BLASTED HOUSE...

LET'S GET BACK TO THE FORT! I WANT TO STUDY A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE REGION!



WELL? THERE'S THE FORT...AND HERE **WE** ARE!

OKAY, I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT... BUT WHAT DOES IT **PROVE**? SUPPOSE THE RAIDERS **DID** COME IN HERE? MAYBE YOUR ANCESTOR WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THEM, AND USED THEM TO HELP HIM ESCAPE WITH THE MONEY!



DARNED IF I CAN FIGURE JUST WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!

AH...HERE IT IS! I'VE PINPOINTED EXACTLY THE SPOT I'M LOOKING FOR, COLONEL...AND WITH YOUR PERMISSION, WE'RE GOING THERE...WITH A BULLDOZER AND A CREW!



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE SPOT, IT PROVED A SETBACK FOR PHIL...

YOU TOLD US WE'D FIND A HOUSE AROUND, OR WRECKAGE...AND THERE'S NOTHING THERE! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE FORT AND SLEEP IT OFF!

WAIT...THAT CLUMP OF TREES...I DON'T REMEMBER IT BEING HERE **BEFORE**! MIND IF WE HAVE A LOOK?



AND THERE...HALF HIDDEN BY THE DENSE GROWTH...

WAS I **RIGHT**?

WE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL BETTER AFTER I GET THE BULLDOZER TO WORK!





WHEN THE BULLDOZER HAD DONE ITS JOB...



I GUESS THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GOLD HAS BEEN SOLVED AT LAST! WISH I COULD HAVE DREAMS LIKE THAT **ALL** THE TIME!

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING ELSE DOWN THERE?

YES, COLONEL! APPARENTLY THERE'D BEEN MEN IN THE PLACE...TRAPPED WHEN THE HOUSE WAS WRECKED BY BOMBARDMENT! WE INVESTIGATED CAREFULLY ---AND THEIR INSIGNIA WAS THAT OF THE **RANDALL RAIDERS!**

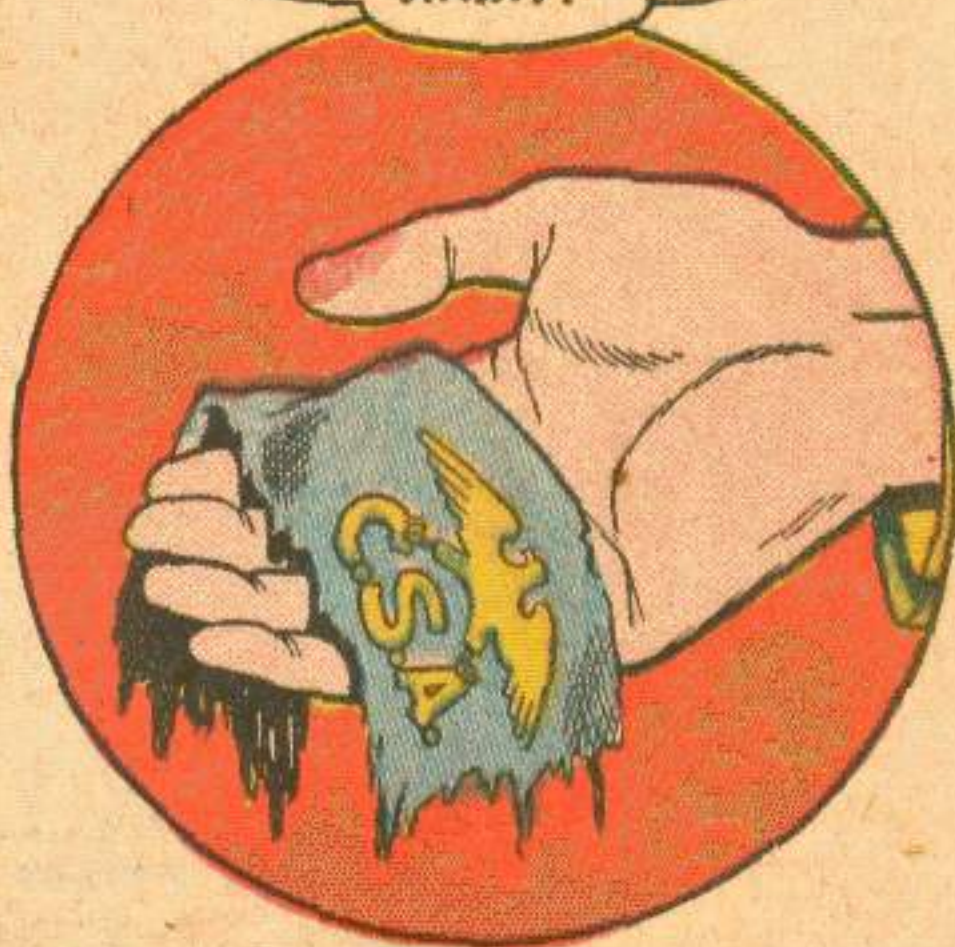
I SEE! AND THERE WASN'T --ANYBODY ELSE?



ONLY...THE RAIDERS?

I DIDN'T SAY THAT! THERE WAS ONE THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A **PRISONER**... MANACLED! WE TOOK THIS INSIGNIA FROM HIS UNIFORM...

...THE INSIGNIA OF A **STAFF COLONEL OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY!**



The FOLLOWING WEEK...



WELL, PHIL, I'VE SENT MY REPORT ON TO WASHINGTON---CLEARING THE MEMORY OF COLONEL DAVID CARSTAIRS! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE'RE ERECTING A PLAQUE TO HIM HERE AT FORT SHELTON! THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS ABOUT THE CASE I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND, HOWEVER...

LIKE WHAT, SIR?

FIRST, HOW YOU MANAGED TO **DREAM** ALL THIS STUFF THE WAY IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! AND THEN, THE ONLY **OTHER** UN-EXPLAINED THING IS THIS STRANGELY-UNIFORMED CHARACTER THE UNION SOLDIERS CAPTURED--THE ONE THEY THOUGHT WAS A SPY! WHO COULD **HE** HAVE BEEN?

COLONEL... YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD YOU!



The END!



# Episode *on an* ISLAND

*"Strange stories emerge from out of warfare. Perhaps because men are so near death—can that have anything to do with it?"*

We forget who it was who first spoke these words, but it doesn't make any difference. It's true no matter who said it. In evidence, we'd like to tell you of what transpired on a small Pacific island during the spring of 1944. American troops had landed, and, pushing towards the interior of the island, had run into a Jap ambush. Forced into retreat, they took their wounded with them as they headed for their invasion barges. But they were slowed down by the litters they were carrying, and the Japs were in pursuit. There was only one thing to do—leave a small rear guard behind to hold off the enemy at a rocky point in the trail, thus allowing the remaining GI's to escape with the wounded.

Four men were left behind to cover the retreat. Nelson, McTigue, Torrelli and Rosenbloom. From behind a shelter of rocks, their guns wrought execution, keeping back the Japs. But each of the Americans knew it was only a matter of time until a final banzai charge would spell their deaths, for it didn't seem possible to hold out until their escaped comrades sent reinforcements back. PFC Nelson had already made up his mind. This heroism stuff wasn't for him—he wanted to keep on living! They were going to sleep in shifts. After he had gotten his rest, he'd slip away under cover of darkness and hide himself in the jungle—at least he'd have a chance for life then. Too bad about the others, but self-preservation was nature's first law! But as he slept, he had a strange dream. In it there appeared a man clad in the ragged buff and blue of a revolutionary soldier. He was hobbling on a makeshift crutch and wore a tattered rag around his head in lieu of a bandage. His name, Nelson dreamed, was Jabez Flint, and he was begging Nelson not to go ahead with his planned desertion. "You can't do it," he was crying, "or you'll never be able to hold up your head again! You can't betray your comrades—and your cause! I know, because *I* did—and I died a traitor's death! Don't share my shame—don't—don't—"

At this point Nelson awoke, completely shaken. The dream had been so vivid that he couldn't get it out of his mind. It had had one clearcut effect—now he'd rather die than desert! With morning, the Japs renewed their attacks, but now the Americans fought with a strange fury that piled the enemy up in heaps. And they kept fighting—on and on—until shouts and a crashing volley over their heads from the rear told them that reinforcements had come, and they were saved!

The enemy was completely destroyed. And heading back for their home base aboard an invasion barge, Nelson, McTigue, Torrelli and Rosenbloom talked things over. Nelson's conscience was hurting him. He felt he could relieve it by telling the truth—after all, he *hadn't* deserted, so there'd be no harm in it. "You know, fellas," he said, "you'll never guess how close I was to deserting last night, to save my skin! Matter of fact, I might have *done* it, except for a dream I had! All about this character who begged me not to do it—some revolutionary soldier—"

He got no further. "But—but that was my dream!" gasped McTigue. "I'd planned to head for the bush—and this old fella, name of Jabez Flint, said I'd never be able to hold up my head again! 'You can't betray your comrades—and your cause!' he said . . ."

Torrelli, excitement on his face, had been trying to interrupt. "I was gonna pull out while you guys were sleepin' too," he gasped. "And I—I had the *same dream*! This guy—he was sorta limpin' along on a home-made crutch—an' he wore a kinda raggy blue an' tan uniform! He said I couldn't do it—an' I *couldn't*!"

"He had a sorta torn cloth wrapped around his head, like a bandage," whispered Rosenbloom, "an' he said he died a traitor's death! You see—I *had the same dream*!"

*"Strange stories emerge from out of warfare. Perhaps because men are so near death—can that have anything to do with it?"*





**BOYS-GIRLS-MEN-WOMEN-**  
 Boy and Girl Scouts - Camp Fire Girls - News Boys!

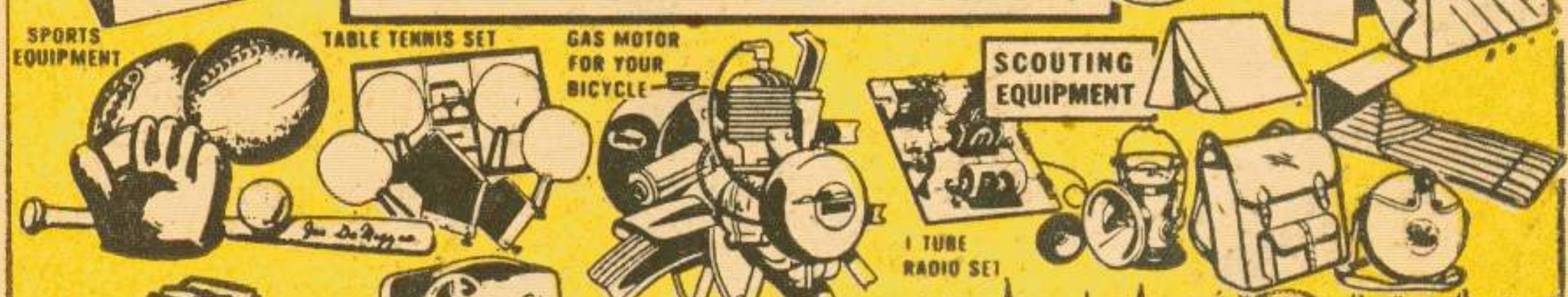
# PRIZES GIVEN

**MAKE MONEY TOO!**



We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rifles, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others... all **WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST**. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need **ON TRUST**. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you **FREE**.

**SEND NO MONEY-We Trust You!**



**Here's How You Get Your Prizes**  
 Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship **AT ONCE PREPAID** your first set of 24 Mottos **ON TRUST**. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$5.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to **EARN MONEY**, send \$5.00 and keep \$2.40. **Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.**



**FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club**  
**EXTRA!** Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you free a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

**\$1,000.00 IN EXTRA PRIZES!**  
 You can get most prizes on this page by selling just one set of 24 Religious Mottos. In addition, I offer these wonderful BIG prizes! I'll tell you how you may win! All details sent free along with 24 Mottos I send you on credit.

**21-INCH TV SET**

**The FUNman, Dept. C-159. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**  
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FROM THE EGYPTIAN STARTING AT THE HEAVENS FROM ATOP A DESERT PYRAMID, TO THE MODERN ASTRONOMER GAZING THROUGH IMMENSE TELESCOPES INTO THE VAST REACHES OF LIMITLESS SPACE, THE GLITTERING STARS HAVE HELD ETERNAL MYSTERY! BUT OF THE COUNTLESS MILLIONS WHO HAVE LOOKED AND WONDERED, ONLY I, RONALD CHAUSSENS, HAVE VENTURED INTO THE ABYSS! IT BEGAN AS A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE, BUT IT WAS FATED TO--

# End on a LOW NOTE!



The REAL BEGINNING OF MY TALE GOES BACK ALMOST 25 YEARS! UNTIL RECENTLY, IT WAS THE BLACKEST DAY OF MY LIFE---







DESPITE LITTLE INTERLUDES LIKE THAT, I BECAME A PRETTY GOOD PLAYER! AT 16, MY PARENTS ENTERTAINED HIGH HOPES FOR MY FUTURE---



BUT I HAD OTHER IDEAS!





FROM THE START MY WORK WAS BRILLIANT...



NOW THAT I HAD DISCOVERED MY TRULY GREAT TALENT, I LOST MY TASTE FOR HARMONY! WHILE STUDYING VIBRATION PHENOMENA...



THEN THERE WAS A GIRL I LIKED QUITE A LOT...UNTIL SHE SURPRISED ME WITH TICKETS TO A CONCERT...



IN THE FOLLOWING YEARS, I ROSE RAPIDLY IN MY CHOSEN PROFESSION! I WAS HAPPY WORKING FOR AN EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT COMPANY, EXCEPT FOR THE SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF MY SUPERIORS...



I DISLIKE YOUR ATTITUDE! WE'VE PUT UP WITH YOUR ARROGANCE AND INSULTS BECAUSE OF YOUR GENIUS... BUT YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR!



They CALLED ME RUTHLESS, DETERMINED, AGGRESSIVE... AND A STARRY-EYED DREAMER! BUT THERE WAS ONE PERSON WHO AGREED WITH ME, TIM SHORE... A YOUNG SCIENTIST WITH MILLIONS TO BACK UP HIS IDEAS...



SLOWLY, OUR WORK WENT FORWARD...





I COULDN'T HELP ENVYING TIM! BORN A MILLIONAIRE, HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT, LIKABLE... EVERYTHING WAS EASY FOR HIM! MOST OF ALL, I ENVIED HIM HIS BEAUTIFUL FIANCEE, DIANA HARKNESS...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET YOURSELF A GIRL, RONNIE? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

OH... I'M TOO BUSY FOR ROMANCE RIGHT NOW!



BUT THE TRUTH WAS, I WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH HER... AND I BEGAN TO HATE THE MAN WHO STOOD IN MY WAY...

WHY SHOULD HE HAVE EVERYTHING? A GIRL LIKE THAT, BEAUTIFUL, MILLIONS IN HER OWN RIGHT... JUST PERFECT FOR ME! BUT I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



MONTHS PASSED... AND THE ROCKET NEARED COMPLETION! ONE DAY DIANA CAME TO THE LAB WHEN TIM WASN'T ABOUT...

I DON'T LIKE THIS TWO-MAN ROCKET IDEA! WHY SHOULD YOU AND TIM RISK YOUR NECKS?

BECAUSE THE GLORY WILL BE OURS! BUT... WOULD YOU REALLY CARE... IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO ME?



OF... OF COURSE I'D CARE! I... I'M VERY FOND OF YOU, RONNIE!

THEN I WOULD HAVE A CHANCE WITH HER... IF ONLY HE WEREN'T IN THE WAY!



AT LAST, THE GREAT EXPERIMENT WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

THE ROCKET IS FINISHED! WE WILL ATTEMPT TO REACH SATURN... AND WE WILL BE IN RADIO CONTACT WITH YOU HERE EVERY STEP OF THE WAY!

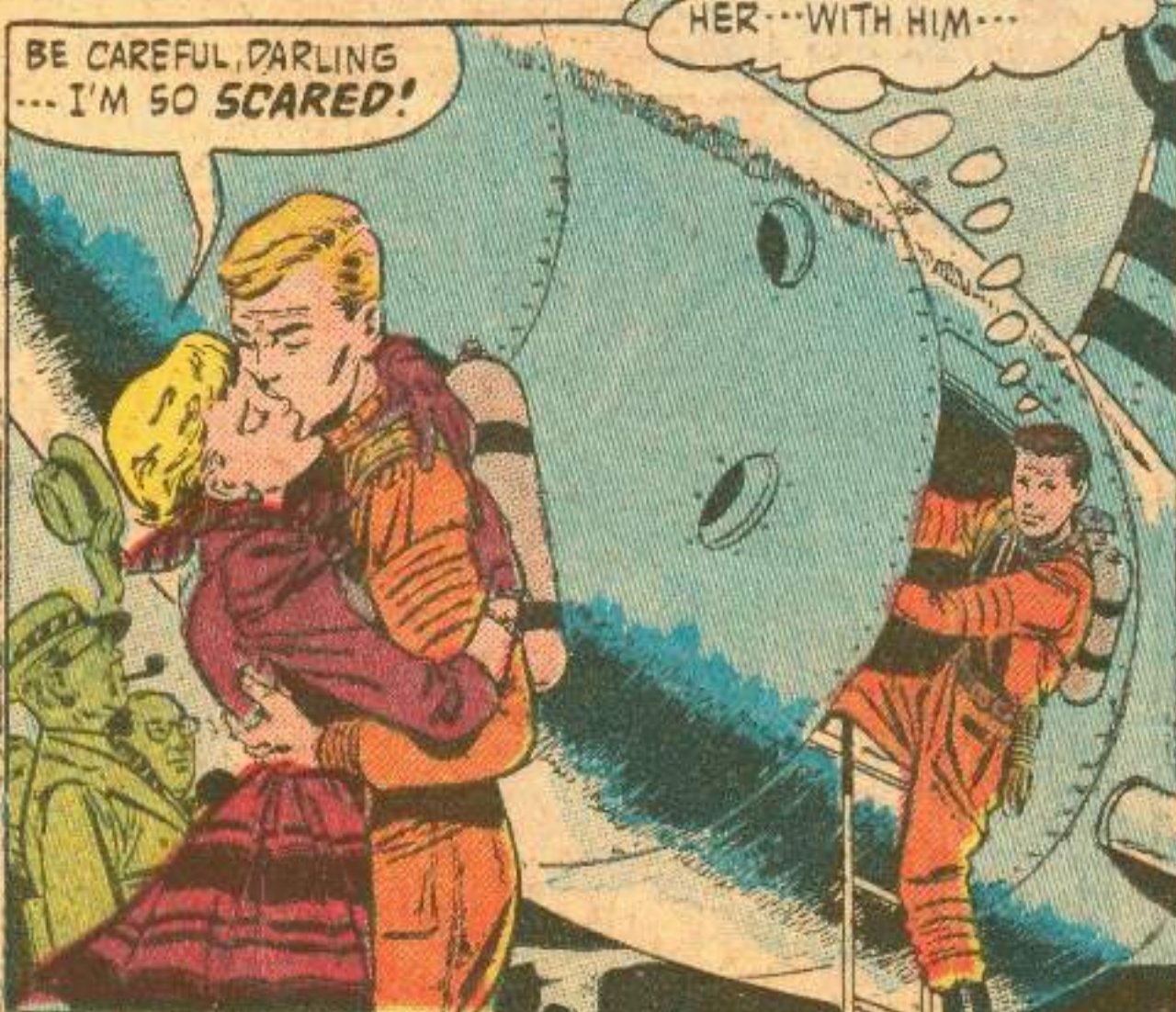
EVERYTHING IS READY, MR. CHAUSSENS!



WHEN TAKEOFF DAY ARRIVED...

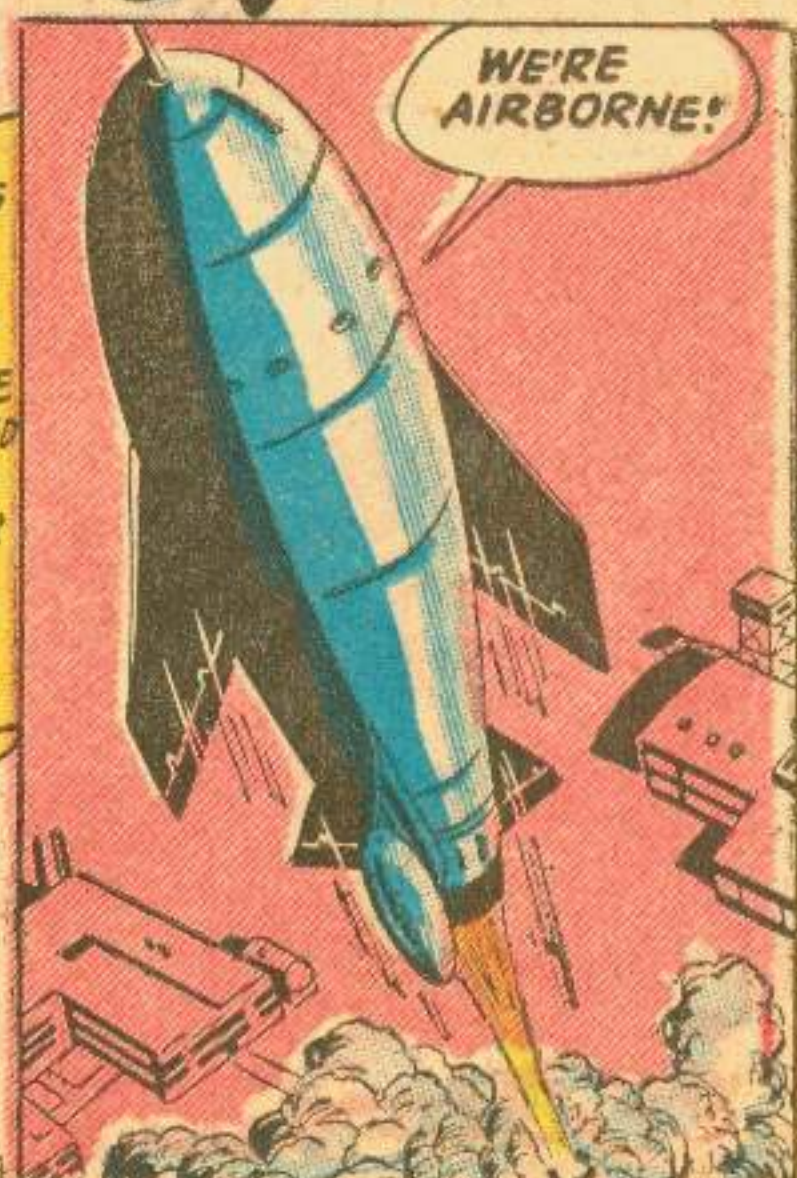
BE CAREFUL, DARLING... I'M SO SCARED!

I CAN'T STAND SEEING HER... WITH HIM...

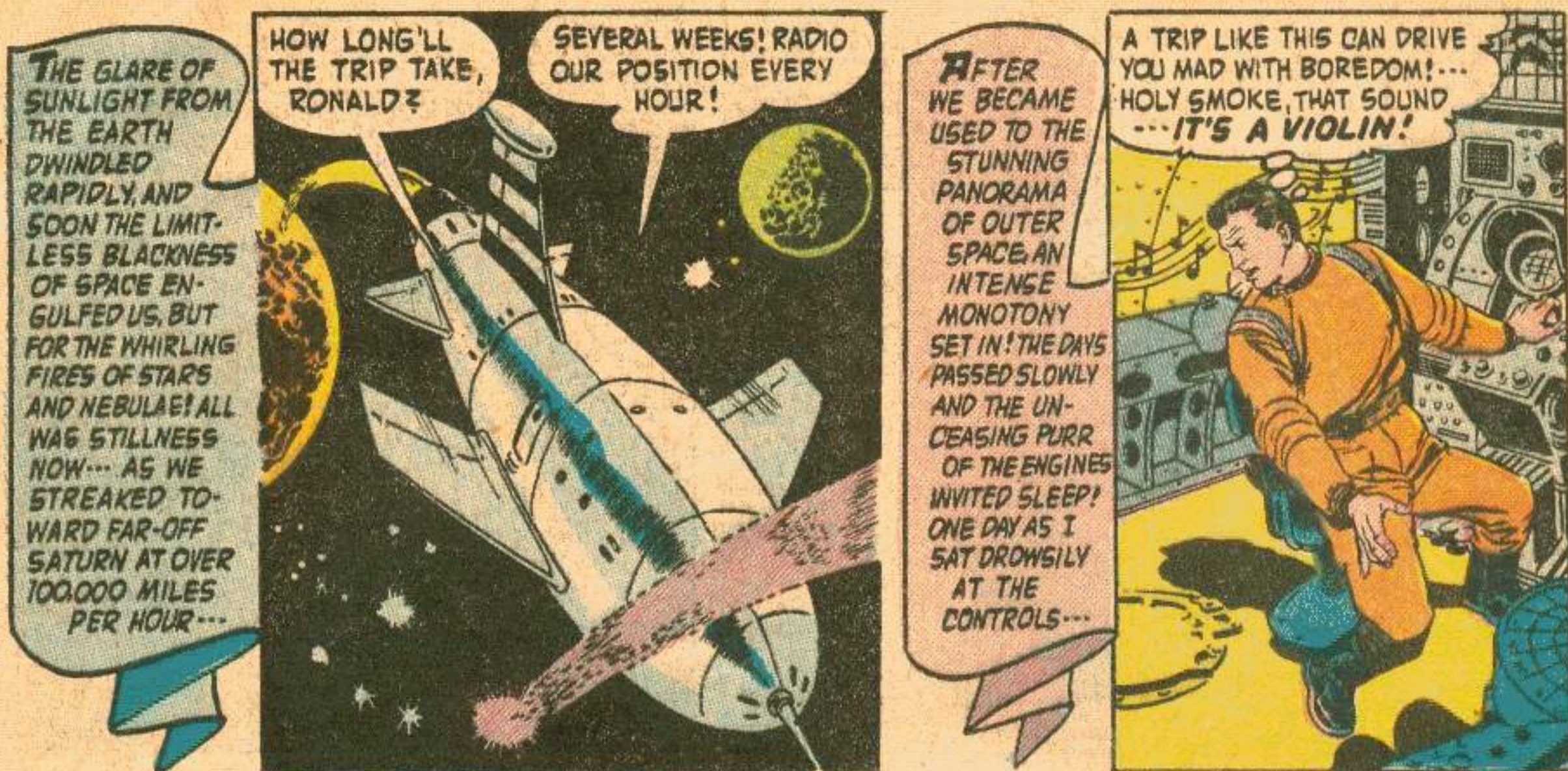


AS I PUT MY HAND ON THE ROCKET'S THROTTLE, I MOMENTARILY FORGOT MY JEALOUSY! THE CRAFT VIBRATED VIOLENTLY, THE MOTOR'S ROAR ROSE TO AN UNBEARABLE PITCH, AND SUDDENLY...

WE'RE AIRBORNE!







THE GLARE OF SUNLIGHT FROM THE EARTH DWINDLED RAPIDLY, AND SOON THE LIMITLESS BLACKNESS OF SPACE ENGULFED US, BUT FOR THE WHIRLING FIRES OF STARS AND NEBULAE! ALL WAS STILLNESS NOW... AS WE STREAKED TOWARD FAR-OFF SATURN AT OVER 100,000 MILES PER HOUR...

HOW LONG'LL THE TRIP TAKE, RONALD?

SEVERAL WEEKS! RADIO OUR POSITION EVERY HOUR!

AFTER WE BECAME USED TO THE STUNNING PANORAMA OF OUTER SPACE, AN INTENSE MONOTONY SET IN! THE DAYS PASSED SLOWLY AND THE UN-CEASING PURR OF THE ENGINES INVITED SLEEP! ONE DAY AS I SAT DROWSILY AT THE CONTROLS...

A TRIP LIKE THIS CAN DRIVE YOU MAD WITH BOREDOM!... HOLY SMOKE, THAT SOUND... IT'S A VIOLIN!



I HAD DRIFTED SO FAR FROM MUSIC THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY PAINFUL TO MY EARS! SETTING THE CONTROLS TO AUTOMATIC, I RACED TO INVESTIGATE...

TIM! WHAT'S ALL THIS?

DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A FIDDLE? I TOOK IT ALONG TO WHILE AWAY THE TEDIOUS HOURS... I'VE BEEN NUTS ABOUT IT SINCE I WAS A KID!



PLEASE, I... I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S LIKE SOME PEOPLE WHO CAN'T EAT A CERTAIN FOOD...

THEN STUFF YOUR EARS WITH COTTON!



FOR THE REST OF THE JOURNEY...

BLAST THAT INSTRUMENT, IT'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME!



AT LENGTH, OUR DESTINATION! IMMENSE AND MYSTERIOUS, SATURN BLAZED BEFORE US...

WE'VE DONE IT, RONNIE!

GET SET FOR A LANDING! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT IF THERE'S ANY LIFE DOWN THERE! BUT FIRST, RADIO THE LAB!



AS I CUT SPEED AND APPROACHED THE PLANET, THE QUESTION WAS ANSWERED...

GREAT GUNS! JUST LOOK AT THAT VEGETATION!

FANTASTIC! BUT NOW THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THERE ARE HUMANS DOWN THERE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



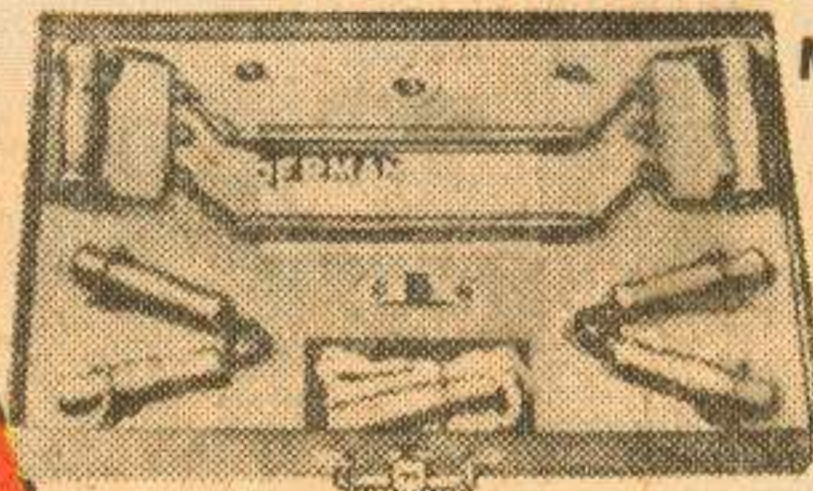


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START DEVELOPING A SUPER-PHYSIQUE  
WITHIN 30 DAYS

ONLY  
**\$2.98**

BECOME AN ALL-AROUND  
HE-MAN — BUILDS  
SHOULDERS, BICEPS, STOMACH  
MUSCLES, ETC.



YOU TOO  
CAN BE TOUGH



Simply by opening and closing your hand strengthener a few times each day, you'll develop a pair of hands so powerful that you can defend yourself successfully against any enemy or bully that might dare attack you. Subdue them with your grip alone.

Just a few minutes a day with the "Superman Steel Muscle Building Set" and you'll be the strongest and most popular fellow in the neighborhood! You'll earn the respect and envy of all the fellows when they see your muscular neck, mighty chest, bulging biceps and triceps, your strong back and broad shoulders developed by this wonderful, new physical developer. You'll fear no one as your two hand strengtheners develop your forearms, toughen your hands, and build strong pliable wrists. And, you'll keep your legs sturdy, your stomach hard and flat. And won't all the girls be thrilled when they see how handsome and powerful you look and what an all around winner you become. You'll keep fit, healthy and full of self-confidence as you develop in these 10 vital areas. So get ready now to handle the rush of new admirers and friends you're bound to get as you start to earn Superman's title as the "Man of Steel". Remember, the "Superman Muscle Building-Set" can be carried by you wherever you go to assure you indoor or outdoor fun. — only \$2.98.

BECOME A POWERHOUSE  
OF MUSCLES



## DOUBLE BARRELED USE FOR DOUBLE ACTION

Your sensational Superman Muscle Builder Set has a 3 spring double-duty chest exerciser that you will use to develop arms and chest and also as a wall exerciser (with simple hook attachments supplied). This means you get twice the value of your exerciser all at no extra cost. Dynamic power for you! You're really on the road to strength and admiration now. Don't delay. Only \$2.98.

MY PROGRESS CHART											
DATE											
NAME											
WEIGHT											
ARM											
Wrist											
Hand											
Forearm											
Back											
Stomach											

## FEATURES

- Chargeable 3 spring chest exerciser with hook for conversion to wall exerciser
- 2 hand strengtheners for building mighty hands.
- Special skip rope for boxer training.
- Progress chart and tape measure to measure development.
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**30 DAY FREE TRIAL**

30 DAY FREE TRIAL

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- ☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 36¢ shipping charge. Same money back guarantee.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus shipping charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



THE ROCKET'S LANDING SPEED WAS TERRIFICALLY HIGH, AND JUST AS WE NEARED CONTACT...



THERE WAS A SHATTERING IMPACT...



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS BEFORE I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...



WHEN I REALIZED THAT TIM WAS NO MORE, I WAS STUNNED! SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO CRAWL FROM THE WRECKAGE...



I DIDN'T REALIZE THEN THAT SCORES OF EYES WERE WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE! AS MY BRAIN CLEARED, I BEGAN TO TAKE A MORE HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE SITUATION...

WITH TIM GONE, I'LL HAVE A CLEAR FIELD WITH DIANA... IF I CAN GET BACK TO EARTH! WE RADIOED THE LAB JUST BEFORE THE CRASH... SO AT LEAST THEY KNOW WE MADE IT!



SUDDENLY...

ANDO TELLI KRA!



I MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DEFEND MYSELF...THEY WERE TOO MANY FOR ME...



AFTER RANSACKING THE DESTROYED ROCKET, THEY TOOK ALL THE LOOT THEY COULD CARRY TO THEIR VILLAGE! THEIRS WAS A PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION, NOT FAR ADVANCED FROM THE STONE AGE...





SEEING THAT I WAS HURT, THE SATURNIANS DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HELP ME! SLOWLY MY ARM BEGAN TO MEND, AND STILL MORE SLOWLY I ACQUIRED THE RUDIMENTS OF THEIR LANGUAGE...

MONTHS PASSED BEFORE I COULD SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE WELL! THE KING SEEMED TO TAKE A FANCY TO ME...

FANTASTIC HOW PRIMITIVE THIS ALL IS! THEY MUST THINK I'M SOME SORT OF DIVINE BEING!

TELL ME MORE OF THE LAND WHENCE YOU CAME!

HE HAD MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE EQUIPMENT HIS MEN HAD TAKEN FROM THE ROCKET SHIP! TO MY AMAZEMENT, I DISCOVERED ONE DAY THAT THE VIOLIN HAD SURVIVED THE CRASH UNDAMAGED.

WHAT IS THAT?

A VIOLIN! WE EARTH PEOPLE PLAY ON IT!

I WISH TO THANK YOU, OH KING! YOU HAVE AIDED ME!

IS YOUR ARM BETTER?



I TRIED TO EXPLAIN, BUT THERE WAS NO WORD FOR MUSIC IN THE SATURNIAN LANGUAGE! SO I DEMONSTRATED, AND INSTANTLY A STRANGE HUSH FELL OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE...

AH! IT IS... MAGIC!

WONDERFUL!



THEY LISTENED ENRAPT, HYPNOTIZED! AND WHEN I TRIED TO STOP...

NO! GO ON!

NEVER HAVE WE HEARD SUCH BEAUTY! PLAY!



NOW JUST A MINUTE! I'M NOT GOING TO...

PLAY, EARTHLING! DO NOT ROUSE OUR ANGER!



THEY'D NEVER HEARD MUSIC BEFORE... AND IT THRILLED THEM! FROM THEN ON, THEY FORCED ME TO PLAY FOR HOURS EVERY DAY! WEEK AFTER WEEK, THE TORTURE WENT ON...

BEAUTIFUL!

DIVINE!



TIME PASSED... ENDLESS TIME! THE UNIVERSE LOST ALL MEANING... EXCEPT FOR THE ANGUISHED WAIL OF THE VIOLIN! ONLY HOPE OF RESCUE KEPT ME GOING... FOR I KNEW THAT A RESCUE PARTY WOULD BE SENT! MANY MONTHS LATER...

LOOK!

THEY'VE COME! YIPPEEE!





WHILE I SCREAMED FOR JOY, THE SATURNIANS REACTED WITH APPALLED SILENCE! AS THE ROCKET SHIP NOSED DOWN FOR A LANDING MANY MILES AWAY --

THEY HAVE COME FOR YOU! BUT THEY WILL FAIL! YOU HAVE BROUGHT BEAUTY AND WONDER INTO OUR LIVES... WE WILL NOT BE CHEATED OF IT!

NO! LET ME GO! I'LL NEVER PLAY AGAIN UNLESS YOU LET ME TALK TO THEM!



ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL! WE WILL NOT KEEP YOU HERE AGAINST YOUR WILL... BUT YOU HAVE REPAID OUR HOSPITALITY **BADLY!**

LET'S NOT ARGUE... WE'VE GOT TO **HURRY!** IT'LL TAKE **HOURS** TO REACH THE LANDING SITE!



I'D BASED ALL MY HOPES ON THE KNOWLEDGE THAT DIANA WOULD SPARE NONE OF HER MILLIONS TO REACH US, ESPECIALLY AS SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT TIM WAS DEAD! NOW RESCUE WAS IN STORE FOR ME, I THOUGHT...

MISS DIANA... **LOOK!** THERE'S THE WRECKAGE OF TIM'S SPACE SHIP!

OH, NO... **NO!**



WITHIN THE SPEEDING CRAFT...

SHALL WE GO DOWN FOR A LANDING?

I... I COULDN'T FACE THE AWFUL SIGHT WITHIN THE WRECKAGE! THEY'RE DEAD... BOTH OF THEM... LET'S GO BACK TO EARTH!



MEANWHILE, AS WE DASHED HEADLONG THROUGH THE SATURNIAN JUNGLE...

YOU DISPLEASE ME! WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO LEAVE... WHEN YOU GIVE MY PEOPLE SUCH HAPPINESS!

I COULDN'T EXPLAIN IT... YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! **HURRY!**



NEXT MOMENT, TO MY DISMAY...

NO! NO! IT'S NOT GOING TO LAND! IT'S GOING BACK!



FORLORN, I RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE...

DON'T BE DOWNCAST... PERHAPS THERE WILL BE **OTHER** EXPEDITIONS! WE HAVE ALL HAD A TRYING DAY... MY NERVES ARE WORN! ONLY **YOU** CAN SOOTHE THEM!

YES! LET HIM PLAY!



AS I TUCKED THE VIOLIN UNDER MY CHIN I KEPT THINKING ABOUT THE CHIEF'S WORDS! YES, THERE **WOULD** BE OTHER EXPEDITIONS, PERHAPS... BUT WHEN?

SIX MONTHS, A YEAR... FIVE YEARS... **WHEN?**

AAAAH... NOW WONDERFUL! CAN YOU IMAGINE... WE ALMOST **LOST** HIM!



THE END!



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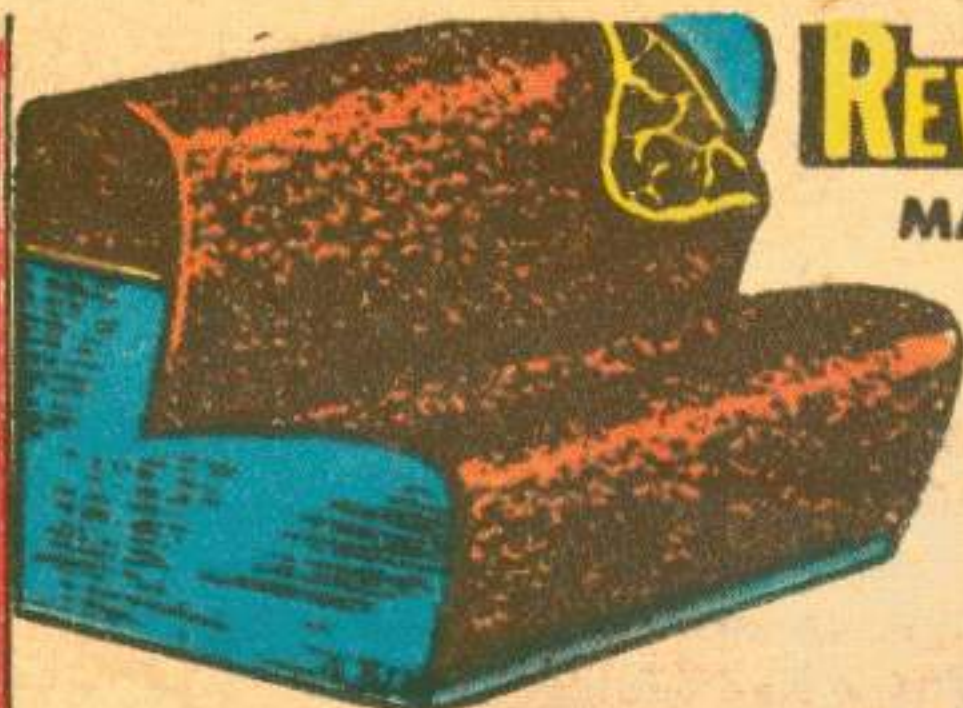
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Readers, we're going to let our hair down during this month's session. We're going to give you the lowdown on what's called the "formula" story. This is usually kept very hush-hush, but we feel we've got nothing to fear.

Time was when the comics business was a gravy train. All you had to do was put a magazine on the stands and the public would snap it up. Comics were such a vivid and exciting medium that quality didn't make much difference. For a long time there wasn't much competition. All you had to do was throw together the right number of pages every month.

But several years ago the situation changed, mostly because of the "formula" story. Writers had begun to throw the same tired old plots at the readers until they were practically screaming for mercy. After all, many hacks figured, if a story was good once, why not again and again? But they underestimated the public. To their dismay they discovered that readers were also critics, that they were no longer buying just anything. No, they'd begun to pick and choose from the flood of comics which were on the market, and pretty soon the "formula" boys were up to their necks in trouble.

That was the old—and thank heavens, it's now a thing of the past. There's a new order, bringing to you the policy which "*Adventures Into the Unknown*" has always held fast to. Our feeling has always been that a reader is entitled to *good* stories, stories which are challenging and exciting, stories that linger in the memory as tense and fascinating plots, intelligently and imaginatively conceived. Each story must stand on its own merits—and we know that we've reached our goal when the reader says, "Hey, this is *good*!"—and proceeds to tell his friends about it.

We'd like you to tell your friends about "*Adventures Into the Unknown*." And we think that, in this present issue, you've got

something to tell about. It isn't often that such a story as "*The Curious Carstairs Case*" comes to light. "*End On A Low Note*" is a tribute to the exciting imagination of a truly fine writer—and as for "*Birds Of A Feather*," that's as entrancingly offbeat a story as we've published in months! We'd like to know your reactions to these yarns, so won't you write us? Address your letter to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish it if space permits. Meanwhile, here's what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:—

I'm a new fan of your magazine, '*Adventures Into The Unknown*', and have only five previous issues. I'm really crazy about this book—please let me know if you can get any back issues!

—Alex Dobrowolski,  
Kearny, N. J."

"Dear Editor:—

I think '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is the best comic I've ever read. Your stories are wonderful—especially '*Your Number's Up*' in the August issue, and '*I'll Dream About You*', which has a fine ending.

—Etta Berman, Baltimore, Md."

"Dear Editor:—

I've just finished reading my latest copy of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. I've always been and hope to continue being one of your readers. I'd like to say that your stories are really outstanding. My vote in issue No. 65 goes to '*I'll Dream About You*' and '*Final Accounting*'. Keep up your wonderful magazine!

—P. E. Thomas, N. Y., N. Y."



# BIRDS <sup>OF A</sup> Feather!

AT THIS MOMENT, DOZENS OF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE COLLECTING RARE EXAMPLES OF FLORA, FAUNA AND MINERALS! THE NEVER-ENDING SEARCH GOES ON, AND PERHAPS ONCE IN A DECADE A TRULY GREAT DISCOVERY IS MADE! CHARLES TRASK STUMBLED UPON A FIND TO STAGGER THE IMAGINATION ... IN DARKEST AFRICA ... WHERE THINGS STRANGE AND TERRIBLE HAUNT THE INFESTED JUNGLES...

DID...DID I  
IMAGINE WHAT  
JUST HAPPENED? IS  
IT POSSIBLE?

CHARLES,  
I'M  
SCARED!



A YOUNG AND WEALTHY ORNITHOLOGIST, HE WAS ON SAFARI TO GATHER RARE AND EXOTIC BIRDS...

CAN'T YOU LAZY  
IDLEBS MOVE  
FASTER?

FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, CHARLES  
...THEY'RE DOING  
THE BEST THEY  
CAN!



HE WAS ALSO A HUNTER, AND HIS RIFLE SPAT  
FLAME OFTEN...

DID YOU HAVE TO  
DO THAT? DON'T WE  
HAVE ENOUGH  
TROPHIES AT  
HOME?

NOW, NOW, DEAR...DON'T  
DEPRIVE ME OF MY LITTLE  
PLEASURES!







DEAREST, I THINK THE HEAT HAS FRAYED YOUR NERVES! YOUR TEMPER IS **AWFUL** LATELY!

NONSENSE, I FEEL FINE!



A GREAT VARIETY OF BIRDS HAD BEEN COLLECTED, BUT NOTHING **EXCEEDINGLY** RARE UNTIL...

WHITE MAN PAY MUCH FOR STRANGE BIRD?

THAT'S THE WORD I'VE PASSED AROUND! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?



THE WORLD WAS NEVER TO LEARN THE NAME OF THE POOR OLD NATIVE WHO MADE THE AMAZING DISCOVERY...

CATCH HIM HIGH IN MOUNTAINS! NEVER SEE OTHER LIKE HIM! HOW MUCH YOU PAY?

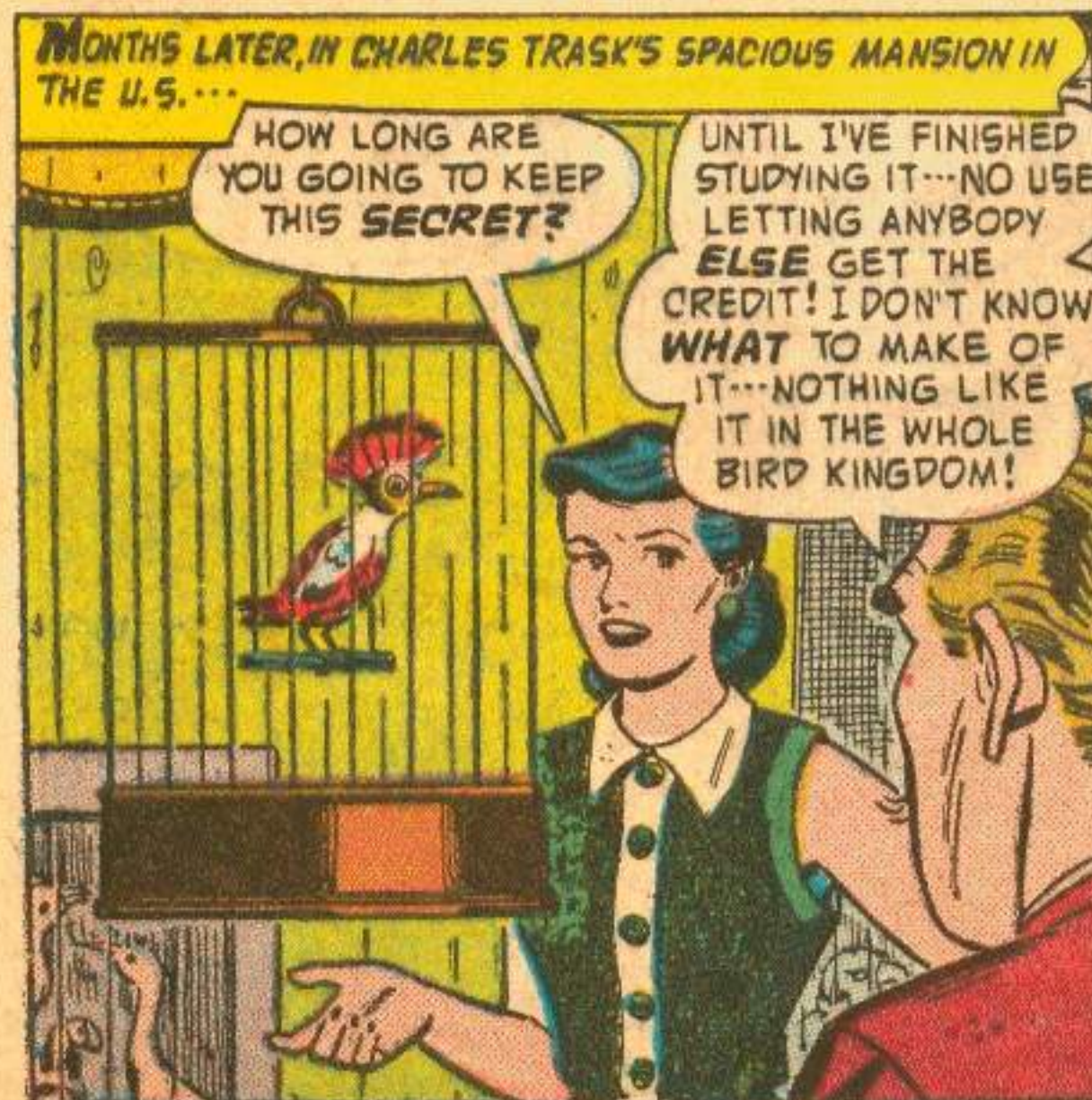
ER...TWO YARDS OF RED CLOTH... THAT'S ALL IT'S WORTH!

TWO YARDS OF CLOTH! CHARLES, HOW **COULD** YOU? I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BIRDS, BUT THAT LOOKS **RARE**!

IT'S **MORE** THAN RARE...I CAN'T EVEN IDENTIFY ITS SPECIES! THIS IS **UNBELIEVABLE**!

POOR LITTLE THING! IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL...I WISH YOU'D SET IT FREE!

ARE YOU **MAD**? THIS'LL CAUSE A **SENSATION** IN ORNITHOLOGICAL CIRCLES ALL OVER THE WORLD!



MONTHS LATER, IN CHARLES TRASK'S SPACIOUS MANSION IN THE U.S....

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP THIS **SECRET**?

UNTIL I'VE FINISHED STUDYING IT...NO USE LETTING ANYBODY **ELSE** GET THE CREDIT! I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** TO MAKE OF IT...NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WHOLE BIRD KINGDOM!



DAY AFTER DAY THEY STUDIED THE PRICELESS CREATURE THEY HAD NAMED THE "**SKYBIRD**" AND BOTH MADE A STRANGE OBSERVATION...

YOU KNOW, IT GIVES ME THE **CREEPS** SOMETIMES! THE WAY IT **LOOKS** AT YOU...AS IF IT WERE **THINKING**!

I...I'VE NOTICED IT TOO...ALMOST AS IF THERE WERE A KEEN **INTELLIGENCE** LURKING IN ITS TINY BRAIN!



THEY SPENT MUCH TIME IN THE "AFRICAN" ROOM OF THE MANSION, WHERE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS REPRODUCED THE CLIMATE FROM WHENCE THE BIRDS HAD COME...



IT WAS A THIN, SCRATCHY VOICE WHICH RASPED OUT THE GIRL'S NAME SO UNEXPECTEDLY! STARTLED, THEY WHIRLED TO FACE AN INCREDIBLE SHOCK...





BUT CHARLES TRASK WAS TOO EXCITED TO HEED HER WORDS! JOYFULLY, HE SUMMONED A DISTINGUISHED GROUP OF ORNITHOLOGISTS TO HIS HOME...

...AND THIS BIRD CAN NOT ONLY **SPEAK**... BUT **THINK**! IT CAN CARRY ON A RATIONAL CONVERSATION!

ARE YOU **INSANE**, TRASK? YOU EXPECT US TO **BELIEVE** SUCH NONSENSE?

CHARLES LAUGHED AT THEIR MOCKERY, FOR HE COULD **PROVE** HIS WORDS! TRIUMPHANTLY, HE LED THEM TO HIS PRIZE...

SO I'M **CRAZY**, AM I? WELL THEN, **LISTEN**! ALL RIGHT, MY LITTLE PET... WHAT'S MY NAME?

CHIRP! CHIRP!

THE SCIENTISTS GLANCED AT EACH OTHER KNOWINGLY...

YOU LITTLE **DEVIL**! STOP FOOLING AROUND! C'MON NOW, **SPEAK**!

CHIRP! TWEET!

A POOR JOKE, TRASK! THIS WON'T DO YOUR PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION MUCH GOOD!

**NO!** WAIT! I CAN **EXPLAIN**!

TWEET! TWEET!

WHEN THE SCIENTISTS HAD LEFT, THE SKYBIRD ABRUPTLY CEASED ITS TWITTERING...

MADE A **FOOL** OF YOU, CHARLES! UNLESS YOU GIVE ME SOME FREEDOM EVERY DAY, I'LL **NEVER** TALK BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS!

TRYING TO **BLACKMAIL** ME, EH? WELL, WE'LL **SEE** WHO'S **BOSS**! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE A **COVER** OVER YOUR CAGE... SO YOU'RE **REALLY** HEMMED IN!

NEXT MORNING...

LET ME OUT, PLEASE!

OKAY, NOW THAT HE'S LEARNED WHO'S **BOSS**!

FROM THEN ON, EACH DAY, THE SKYBIRD WAS ALLOWED A FEW HOURS OF FREEDOM...

BE A GOOD FELLOW, CHARLES... LET THE **OTHER** BIRDS OUT FOR A WHILE! I'VE BEEN TALKING TO THEM... THEY'RE **MISERABLE**!

**NO!** WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO START... A **REVOLUTION**?









AT THE BUREAU OF INTERNAL REVENUE...

WHAT'S THAT? YOU HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT **CHARLES TRASK**? A FALSE RETURN? SECRET SAFEBOX AT THE FIRST NATIONAL? BUT WE WERE JUST INVESTIGATING HIS RETURN... IT **LOOKED** SUSPICIOUS! JUST WHO ARE **YOU**? I CAN'T HEAR YOUR VOICE TOO WELL... IT SOUNDS AWFULLY **FUNNY!**



WHAT'S YOUR **NAME**? WE NEED IT FOR THE RECORD!

JUST TELL MR. TRASK THAT HIS INFORMER WAS **MR. FEATHERS!**

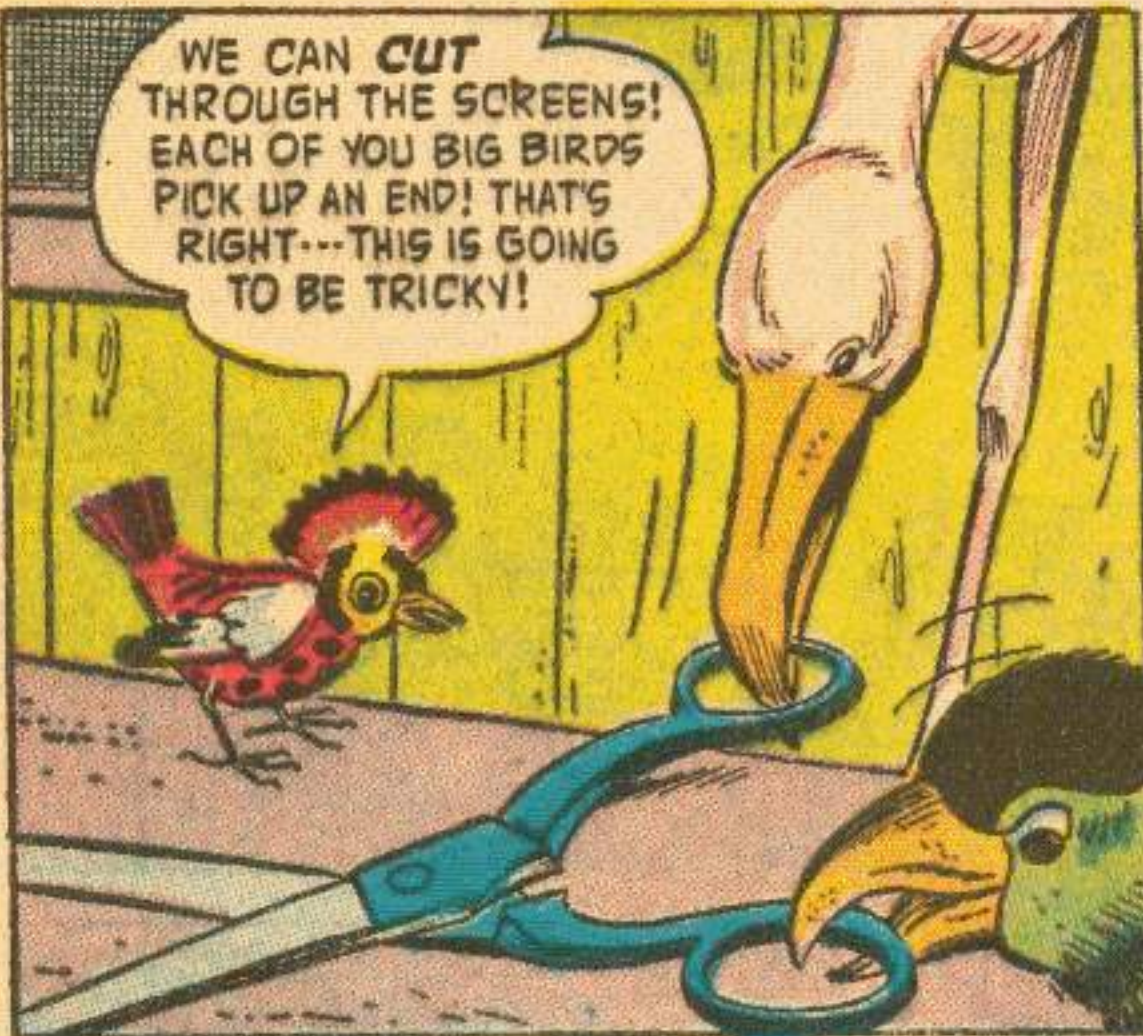


THAT TASK DONE, THE SKYBIRD TURNED TO THE PARAMOUNT ONE...

WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE BEFORE HE RETURNS! FOLLOW MY ORDERS... I AM YOUR LEADER! WILL YOU OBEY ME?



WE CAN **CUT** THROUGH THE SCREENS! EACH OF YOU BIG BIRDS PICK UP AN END! THAT'S RIGHT... THIS IS GOING TO BE TRICKY!



IT WAS FIENDISHLY DIFFICULT WORK, BUT DIMLY, ALL THE BIRDS KNEW THAT THEIR FREEDOM DEPENDED ON IT! AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SCISSORS FELL FROM THE BEAKS OF THE FLUTTERING BIRDS, BUT STILL THEY PERSISTED...

THAT'S IT... WE'RE CUTTING THROUGH! BUT WE'VE GOT TO WORK FASTER!



AT LAST, VICTORY!

FOLLOW ME! DON'T SCATTER! WE'RE NOT IN THE CLEAR YET!



WHEN CHARLES RETURNED...

THEY... THEY'VE **ESCAPED**... EVERY ONE OF THEM! OH, WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LEAVE THAT LITTLE DEMON ALONE UNCAGED! HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS!











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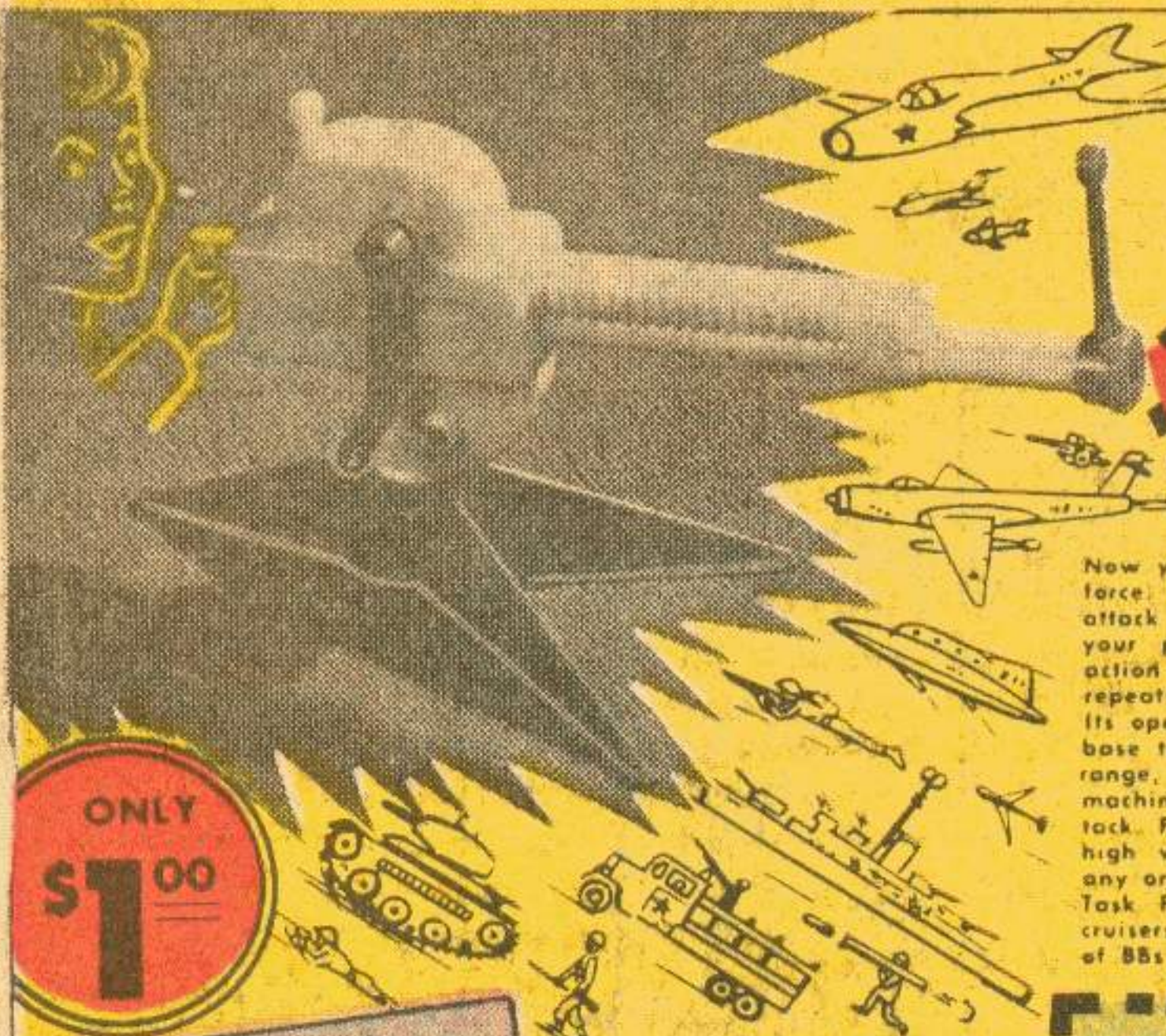
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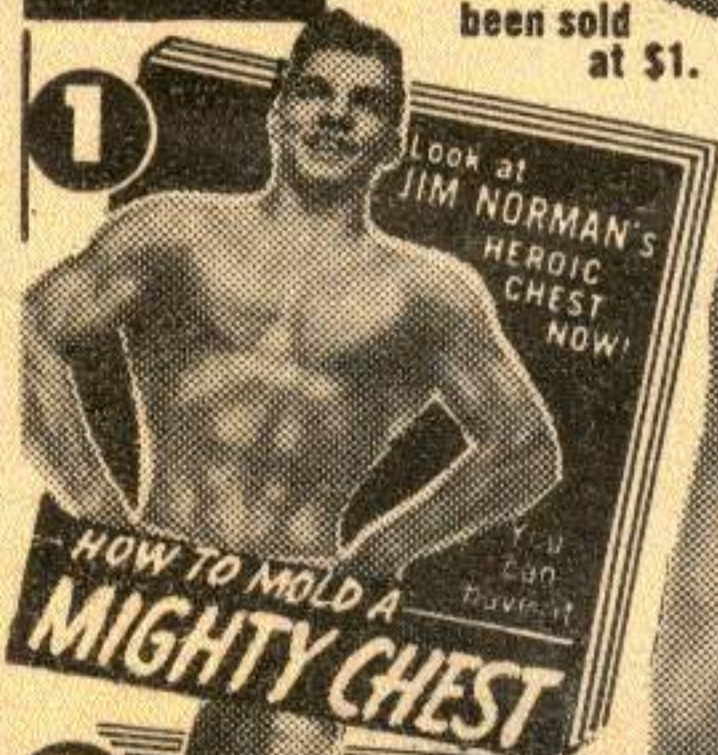
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